

## Hope by 134340inTEARs

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**Summary:**

Will is sick and Mike is dead worried for the boy.

## Hope

It was another normal day at school and the group was in front of their class' door, waiting for the bell so they could get inside.

They were all talking of their next D&D campaign, organized by Mike, who was not paying attention to the conversation, aware that they would call him to answer. The boy was too preoccupied on another thing to listen to them talking nonsenses.

Will was quiet today, and that was worrying the hell out of Mike. He wanted to ask what was wrong but he also didn't want to sound nosy, even though they were best friends.

Mike took his eyes out of him, now paying attention to the rest – or max, who was now the one talking –, making Will look at him with a blank expression. Mike looked right at him, once he noticed, and for seconds, the two boys froze, staring deeply into each other's eyes. When they 'woke up to life', both looked away ashamed. Mike's cheeks were rosy and Will swallowed nervousism.

The bell finally rang loud and they rushed to get inside. Will sighed while sitting on his desk, right beside him, Mike.

"You okay?" Mike asked quietly, not daring to look at the boy.

"Yeah." Will only answered.

And for the first time, both kept silence for the rest of the classes, and the day.

It was weird for Mike. They usually talked about their whole weekend, what they did the day before or what they ate for breakfast, even talked about D&D. But now, all Mike could hear from Will was his low sighs.

The next day, Mike, Will and Dustin were talking about a history project they agreed on doing together, not being able to be with Lucas or Max due the number of members in a group.

Mike was loudly talking, giving out ideas for the project, hoping someone would understand and agree with him. Will, who was right next to him, didn't say anything during the whole time. He would sometimes just glare at the boys, now with his eyes glued on Mike.

Once he saw Mike looking at him, trying to explain his thoughts, he looked shock at tried to look away, lowering his head at the same time.

His heart was racing. But he also wanted to cry.

“We could go to the Arcade tonight, to rest a bit while we talk about this.” Dustin pondered and the other two boys agreed.

So, in that night, they met, along with Lucas and Max, who decided to come too.

Mike looked everywhere in panic, not seeing Will.

Where is he? He thought.

He opened the front door without a single care and stopped walking when he saw Will standing there, looking at nothing. “Will, are you okay?” Mike questioned carefully, staring fondly at the boy who was now facing him.

“Yeah, I just... I needed some air.” Will answered quietly, turning around, only noticing Mike’s arm rest on his shoulders, holding his body closer and affectionately, bringing him inside the place. Will decided to let that go for that day, and when the next day came by, he felt lost.

Mike was walking through the corridors, only stopping when he found Will closing his locker. He started talking some nonsense and Will ignored him, only looking at his eyes.

“What?” Mike asked as he saw the boy walking up to him. “What?” He repeated now with a lower and worried voice.

Will kept staring at Mike, and Mike at Will’s blue eyes. Instantly, Mike felt his soul leaving his body. He felt lighter looking at him, even though he was worried. Will then talked, but Mike had to process the information, reacting afterwards.

“What is it?” Mike begged.

“I- I can’t tell you right now...”

“Will...” Will eyed the floor, incapable of looking at his best friend’s face.

Will needed to think.

He wanted to tell him everything, but he didn’t feel prepared and he also didn’t want to scare the boy who helps him so much.

But it’s also not fair to hide this from him.

He just needed to think, knowing he was losing his time.

A week had passed by.

Will wasn’t going to school, and Mike was losing his temper.

He always called the Byers’, asking where Will was, but or no one answered the call or no one would dare to tell him, only saying ‘He’s going tomorrow’, which was a typical lie.

All he wanted was to know if Will was okay, if he needed something, like a friend to lean on.

The tomorrow eventually came, and it was Halloween.

The group decided to go as GhostBusters, and Will *had* to go.

That night, they went to ask for trick or treat.

And Mike looked behind.

And Will was gone.

Will sat on the floor in fear. Maybe it wasn’t fear, maybe it was more of a frightened. He held his knees onto his body, eyes closed, hoping everything to be okay. His chest was aching, his body was trembling and his breathing was wildly. His head hurt.

Out of nowhere, a hand was placed on his shoulder, which made him flinch.

“Will!” The boy shouted. “Will, what’s wrong?” Will just looked everywhere else but him, trying to understand what was happening. “I couldn’t find you, are you hurt?” Mike was desperate for an answer. He just wanted to know if his friend was okay, yet Will kept glaring at the distant, as if he was ignoring him, which wasn’t true and he knew that.

Once the rest of the boys – and max – approached them, Will eyed

Mike, who was on his level, holding both of his shoulders, trying to assure him everything was okay. For moments, Will lost himself in those eyes.

“I’m gonna bring you home, okay?” Mike said, and Will only mumbled, unknowing what to say. “Hold on.” The boy said tenderly, and Will leaned on Mike’s body, feeling comfort and safety. “I got him!” Mike yelled to the others, who were being a pain in the ass for Mike. All he wanted in that moment was to take care of Will, needing to have him by his side, secured.

Both headed to Mike’s basement instead of his house. He felt safer there and maybe that was the right place to talk. They were now sitting on the sofa, in silence.

Will took a deep breath.

“You want to know what’s happening, right.” Will asked already knowing.

Mike looked at him. “Yeah.” And heard Will sighing.

“I. I’m sick.” Will swallowed.

Mike stared at him the whole time while he was explaining. Losing himself on Will's figure. Mike was certainly listening all of his words, while he swallowed all of his tears.

His chest hurt with every word that came out of Will’s pretty mouth. Mike leaned on, backing off seconds later. He didn’t know why he did that, it was Will’s lips fault that were calling for him, he felt wrong doing such thing in that moment.

“I won’t leave you, you know?” Mike answered an inexistent question.

Will smiled with tears in his eyes. “Thank you.” He murmured. His voice was weak.

Will got home, leaving Mike behind, in his basement, thinking to himself.

Was that why we was so silent?

He didn’t want to sound sad or hopeless in front of Will, he wanted to

show him support. But he did really feel hopeless. He felt his world crashing.

Mike started crying. He never cried this hard in his lifetime.

His heart was aching.

He thought he would lose his friend.

He begged Will to do the treatment when he talked about it.

Will said he would think, saying "I don't want to waste my time inside a hospital, waiting to get better when it's more probable I won't."

It hurt Mike whenever he thought about it.

So maybe the next day Will came up to him saying "I'll do it." And maybe Mike got too happy to the point of holding him into his arms a little too tight.

But maybe it all went wrong.

Maybe Will really spent the whole summer hidden inside a Hospital, but Mike was there. Mike was *always* there, never leaving his side.

The party would show up sometimes, but nothing like Mike, actually sticking up with him. Telling him sleep stories. Just eating together. Watching a movie. Mike would do anything to stay a little bit longer the day before, just to have a little more of Will to himself.

Mike, still hoping his friend would get better, at first just wanted to be with him, but seeing how sometimes he'd be worse, he started to be with him to appreciate the time left. Mike wasn't giving up on him, but his subconscious told him to say goodbye, to not believe so much. So Mike was saying his goodbye highkey quietly, hoping Will wouldn't notice any weird moment. Which he did.

"Mike. I know what you're doing." Will said with his head low. Eyes fitting his hands. Mike was putting a movie on for them to watch. Mike stopped for seconds.

"I'm putting a movie for us." He laughed, denying Will's statement. Mike laid next to him, on the hospital bed. Will gave him enough space.

Will sighed. "Stop, okay." He now looked at the bigger with knowing eyes. Mike's eyes got glassy, he didn't say anything. "I'm not going to die, Mike. I thought you believed in that." Will's words left his lips a

little husky.

“I do! I believe that...” Mike’s words didn’t sound so confident and Will sighed again.

“It’s alright if you don’t.” They didn’t say anything more. Mike felt guilty. Will felt sad.

They watched the movie in silence, both not paying enough attention to the screen to know what was happening. Both were thinking. Thinking about probabilities.

Will’s one and Mike’s one.

Maybe Will was trying to live, and maybe it was being worthy. Maybe Will was trying to live, but dying at the same time.

“It’s tomorrow.” Will finally said, bored of his own thoughts, waking Mike from his.

“What?” He questioned quietly.

“My surgery. It’s tomorrow.” Mike sat on the bed, looking at him.

“Why didn’t you say it sooner?”

“I thought you wouldn’t like to know, since you were making me a farewell.” He looked down, playing with his fingers that were now touched by Mike’s hand.

“I wasn’t making a farewell! And of course I’d like to know. Will, do you know how important that is?” Mike was crying.

“Mike, I’m so-” Will’s words were cut off by Mike’s lips pressed into his.

They were kissing slowly, Will feeling a salty flavor due to Mike’s tears. Will lifted his arm and placed his hand on Mike’s right cheek, wiping off his tears.

The kiss ended and they looked at each other’s eyes.

“Are you saying goodbye?” Will said worriedly.

“No. I’m saying Hi.” Mike laughed. “I’m begging you to survive. You

have to. I believe so.”

Will smiled. “Do you really?”

“Yeah.”

Mike laid again, and Will rested his arm on Mike’s chest, making both fall asleep.

And Mike was biting his nails. The nervous filling up his body. He wanted to cry.

What if it didn’t work?

Was that their first and last kiss? Mike hoped not.

Mike was at the waiting room, legs trembling. He couldn’t wait any longer.

“Mike?” Joyce said, making Mike turn to her, wondering. Joyce only nodded, with tears in her eyes and Mike smiled.

It worked.

Mike’s smile faded once he started crying hard. Knees falling to the floor. He felt weak.

It worked but he felt so weak.

He hid his face on his hands and cried for his soul.

Joyce placed a hand on his back and kept saying everything was okay.

Yeah, it was.

Both Mike and Will were asleep in the hospital room.

Mike, as had promised, never left his side. He fell asleep after running to Will’s room, seeing him with closed eyes and soft breathing. He sighed in relief and wondered if everything was alright, passing out minutes after, due to tiredness.

The boy, hours after, woke up. “Mom?” He said with a weak voice.

His mother and her boyfriend hurriedly got to him, calling a doctor.



Mike woke up immediately and looked concerned once Will couldn't recognize his mother's boyfriend. He felt scared.

What if he didn't recognize him too? He kept staring at the scene, with no words pronounced, only watching the boy on the bed.

The doctor came, trying to connect the dots as why he wasn't remembering, making him questions. "You don't remember me?" The doctor tried to ask, only getting a shook as response. "What about this guy here?" He pointed at Mike, who was super frightened. He looked at Will with a little of hope, still scared, waiting for an answer that was taking so long. Mike murmured a soft 'Hi' and waved with his hand. "Know who that is?" The doctor asked again. "It's alright. Take your time." Mike's chest was burning as he saw the boy only glaring him. Why was he taking so long?

"That's... My friend." Will said. "Mike." The boy smiled immediately and looked at Will's mother with proud in his eyes. Will remembered him. That was enough for him.

They kept asking questions, and Mike listened carefully, always looking at him, reassuring him.

They were, once again, curled against each other's bodies on the hospital bed.

"Do you remember what happened yesterday?" Mike asked softly and quietly.

Will tried to remember. "It's hard to remember such closed happening." He looked at Mike with a sad expression yet with a non noticeable smirk and Mike only smiled at him.

"Your feelings are the same, right? Nothing changed?" Mike needed to know.

He looked confused. "I guess? They are the same." Will smiled, confident.

"Great." Mike said, separating from Will's body, being sat on the bed. He smiled at Will, who had eyes glued on him, trying to understand. Mike leaned forward, placing one of his shaky hand on the pillow behind Will. He pressed his lips against Will's, with the other hand on

his cheek, stroking it. Both smiled during the kiss.

“I lied.” Will said when they broke the kiss, having one forehead glued to another. Eyes also glued on each other.

“What did you lie about?” Curiosity all over Mike's face.

“I honestly just wanted you to kiss me again.” Will giggled and Mike smiled back at him.

They kissed again, now more fierly, more passionate. More *them*.

**Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading! TEAR.